S. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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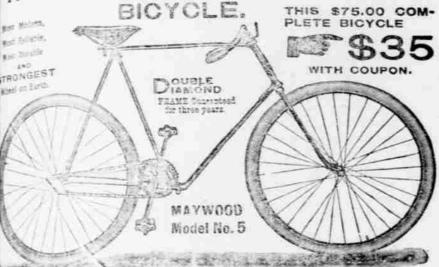
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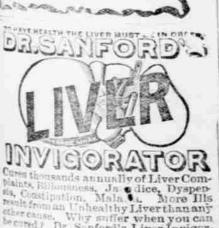
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THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Jim Bourn and I were boys together it Westminster; we went to Oxford together-to Balliol; we took our degrees fogether in the classical (horors) school, and were ordained together by the bishop of L--, as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town. Still single at 34, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town, and married.

We were talking in my study as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper ariticle: "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets from Each Other?" I said "No," Jim said "Yes."

We both smilingly stuck to our text. "Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving, they are Ella and voorself. I can't conceive of your having any secret which you would not want Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two. I have never spoken of it to anyone in the world, and never shall, except to yourself."

"Thanks, Jim, you need not fear me, as you know. I am only desirous to know the case," and I assumed an at-

titude of eager attention to Jim's story. "I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a jail there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectby astonishing. Had I had the time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'society' clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirces, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with rope were nicer than the Yorks. Miss York, a maid in lady of 50, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the dis trict for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshiped both of them. 'I was 28 when I first saw Ella York and at once succembed to her charges. For weeks her praises had been in my ars, and now, on acquaintance, I found er beauty, her manners, her kindness of beart, not one whit less than report tated. I loved her. Of course, I could ot say so at once; and whether, after we or three meetings in the course of my work-for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of laborhe guessed my love, and reciprocated it, I could not then say. I found, upon judicious inquiries, that Miss York-Illa-lived with her aunt from child good: that she was now 24; that her nother was dead, and her father lived in the continent for his health; also

These facts were of course only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the ountain head for such information. "After much heart-scarching and desating within myself, I thought I our that Ella York was not wholly rediffent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it, beyond saying that it was one summer morning rather more than five years ago, when, hav a our to see becaunt, who was cut, I me Clia in the grounds; and after talking is we walked flong on various subjects. omehow it came out treexpectedly, and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant, fills York had promised to

that she was her aunt's sole heiress.

"Lut her aunt didn't consent. I reerived a dainty note that night-how tenderly I regarded it, Howson!-from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming to-morrow for her approval; Miss York had been very kind, but acres rather strangely, and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than

be my wife, subject to her aunt's con-

"I was in a curious state of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me! My position, my amily, my life here were, I hoped, beand reproach. Even were it a quesion of money, I had enough private menns, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course, it would be lonely with out Ella at first, after so many years' companionship, but surely she didn't expect her never to get married! It was preposterous,

"i was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the porteress met me. "'Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking!"

"I was more puzzled than ever! Why ay engagement to Ella should be shocking' I couldn't see; and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.

'So sudden, too, sir!' said the womin. 'Nocody expected it.' " 'Whatever's the matter?' said I.

" 'Why haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No! Oh, dear! Poor thing; had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at nine o'clock this morning.' "My heart sank; I felt faint and giddy.

t was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, Howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say that my one thought was: 'My poor, lonely darling, Ella!'

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Elia was ill for weeks, and could not see even me. When she was well enough attend to business, it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money; and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth afterward. She had been awfully lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple had ever lived happier and been nearer and learer to each other than Elia and I.

May God bless ber!" "Amen!" said I, solemnly and rever-

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could

never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances: Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very

near. He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly. as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live very long.

"You seem pleased to see me?" said. "'Yes, sir,' replied No. 152. 'I am glad you've come; I hardly expected

you would, considering how standoffish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer-perhaps not until tomorrow.' "There, well, never mind. Keep your

courage up, and you'll probably deceive

the doctor. "I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That we may pass by Howson; I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was any-

thing I could do for him. "'Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one I hardly like to ask you.' His eyes looked eager Iv at me.

"Go on, said I; 'I'll do it if possible. "'I've had a queer life, sir,' said the convict. 'I might have been somebody and done some good; but I got led astray after marriage and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately. anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead, I shail die happy." "'I'll promise it as far as I can,' said I

What is it?" "'It's to take care of your wife,' anwered No. 152. 'Ah.' said he, smiling, 'I thought that would astonish you.' ""Take care of my wife!" I gazed at him in amazement. 'Why, of course I

shall! But what is that to you. "'A great deal,' said he.

" 'Because she's-my daughter!' "I looked at him in terror and aston shment, and was about to send for the

nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said, slowly: "'Sit down, sir, please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton; I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York-you see, I know her name all right-was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned ne, and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York and completed the disguise. Whenever I de sired-and, oh, sir, I did often desireto see Ella, my darling, Miss York has always threatened me with the police and I knew better than to have them or

the registers of Northfield, and I give you my word it's true." "I sat in dumb silence. What could say? Ella, my Ella, a convict's daugh-

my track if I could help it. Yes, sir, I

see you can't realize it yet, but you'l

find Ella Wilson's birth and bantism in

"'Please, sir, don't tell her,' said he She has never known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir and you'll not think any worse of her? and his eyes looked pleadingly and wist fully at me.

"My senses had somewhat returned "'No,' said I, 'of course pot. I am ho! dazed, but I feel what you say is true But Ella is my own now, and always shall be while I live. I wish I had no heard this, but it cannot alter my love

" 'Thank God!' he said. 'And, sir there's one thing more. The doctor says I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could be managed for my dar ling to give me one kiss ere I die-just

"'I'll try. Yes,' said I, 'she shall, if you'll leave it to me.'

"I will! God bless you, Mr. Bourn. "I left him. When I got home Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was. Overwork, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep, and would not wake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said I, 'a prisoner who is dying, and who has no-few-friends, told me to-day how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will

" 'Certainly, my darling.' "And with eyes full of tears she did. The unconscious form rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know: did he?

"I led her away, weeping, my own beart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more. Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?" "You're right, dear old Jim," said I

as he grasped my hand in sflence, but with tear-dimmed eyes, "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both!"-Birmingham Weekly News

Said a business man of wide experi-

ence and observation: "Have you ever observed the money-making nose? It is a strong, well-formed nose, invariably curved somewhat like a beak. That crook in the nose is the unfailing sign of money-making ability. I have observed it for years. If you doubt it,

look about you and you will find that every wealthy man who has made his own money out of nothing has more or less such a use. A very fine example of the money-making nose is that which adorns the face of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, though born with a gold spoon in his mouth, has shown very marked ability in the increase of his fortune. Most of our bankers and railway presidents have similar noses."-London To-Day.

A FUNETINE COSTOM. The Troubles of a Woman in a Wild

Mountain Country. "On my first circuit I had a losson in human nature that I have never forgotten," said a Methodist minister to

a Washington Star reporter. "The circuit was in the mountains of West Virginia, and among the members of my church was a widow, who, in addition to the loss of her husband, had suffered final earthly parting with four of her children, leaving but two, a girl and a boy nearly grown. "One night I was asked to hasten to

her cabin, which I did, reaching there just in time to be with her son when ha died from the effects of an accidenta "The mother, although deeply grieved, acted more calmly than I

pected, and early in the morning I went home, returning in the afternoon. I found the widow in the paroxysm of tears. I tried to comfort her with the asual Christian consolation. Finally she quieted down enough to say:

" "Tain't only that he died. I know he's a heap better off.' ". What is it, then?"

"'We hain't hey no funeral." " 'No funeral?'

"'No. Sal's jess got back from th' sto', an' not a va'd o' black hev they got. I never did 'tend no funeral 'thout black, an' I ain't goin' ter 'ten l now. He kin git 'long ter be buried 'thout a funeral better'n I kin bemean myse'f hav'n one when I ain't got nothin' fitten to w'ar. "And Jim was buried with no one present except his mother, his sister

and me." OLD-TIME SOUTHERN SPORT. Members of Hunting Clubs on Whom Blg

Fines Were Imposed. Among the sports of olden times the hunting clubs were prominent everywhere, says the Atlanta Constitution. In Camden county one of the most fa mous of clubhouses in this country was Luilt at Pear Hammock and kept under the supervision of Gen. John Floyd. It was there that the Camden County Hunting club organized in 1832, held its meetings, made its rules and imposed its fines.

The charter members of the club were Charles R. Floyd, Richard Floyd, Henry Floyd John Floyd, Ben Hopkins, J. H. Dilworth, James Holzendorf, John Holzendorf, Alexander Holzendorf, P. M. Nightingale, William Berrie and Henry du Bignon. Several members joined afterward. The club dress was a scarlet jacket and black pantaloens and a fine of 500 copper caps was imposed on Alexader Holzendorf at one meeting for not having on the regulation dress. No member was to be absent from the meetings unless by good excuse, and James Holzendorf was fined 1,000 copper caps for one absence. After the day's hunt, sometimes with the luck of 16 deer, an elegant dinner was served before dispersing.

The 16th rule read: "Game is considered by the club to be deer, bear, hors, cows, bulls, wildcats and turkeys." Wild cattle and hogs abounded in the woods in those days, the latter living to an old age, which was told by the tusks, sometimes eight to ten inches

"The latest" in clocks and watches is distinctly original. It comes from France. The suggestion is that the decimal system should be adopted for clocks and watches, bidding good-by to our old friends 11 and 12 o'clock entirely, and to divide the face of the clock into ten instead of twelve sections. This system is now used by the geographical bureau of the French army, and it is urged that it diminishes the labor of calculation by two-thirds, and iessens the chances of mathematical eror from four to one. The following is an outline of the rules of the dec mal system as applied to timepieces:

"The day, from midnight to the midnight following, is to be divided into 100 equal parts, known as 'ces.' "The subdivisions, according to the decimal plan, are 'decices,' or tenths, 'centices,' or hundredths, 'millices,' or

thousandths. "One of the main divisions, the 'ces,' is equal to 14 minutes and 24 seconds, or almost a quarter of an hour." This, say the scientists, is the easiest possible system, but the poor lay mind, we are afraid, will not quite agree with such a conclusion, and six a. m. sounds far more acceptable than

25 ces, its decimal equivalent.-West-

minster Gazette.

A Tie of Sympathy. "Isn't it strange how people thrown together abroad will become intrmate," said a lady who had just returned from a European jaunt. "We fell in with some Cleveland people on shipboard going, with whom we were acquainted only by name, but in a few hours we shared confidences like lifelong friends. It was the same way wherever we chanced to find our countrymen. At Rome we ran across a Cleveland clergyman, and you would have thought we were long lost relatives from the cordial way he greeted the discovery that we were also Clevelanders. In fact, it is quite impossible to feel lonely if you know that any of your home people are about. All the frigid barriers of social distinctions are melted down, and everyone is on one plane of friendly equality. Yes, and they are not seaside acquaintances either; when they meet again the old freemasonry of common interest draws them straightway together, and they live those delightful experiences over again in sympathetic reminiscences.' -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

But the most remarkable instance of scattering the seeds (shooting them from the pod) is afforded by Hura crepitars, a handsome tree, native of the forests of South America. The curious fruit of this tree is somewhat flattened, deeply furrowed or fluted body, made up of a circle of many cells, each containing one seed. When the seeds are ripe the cells open, and expel them with a loud report, like the crack of a pistol. Hence the fruit is sometimes called the "monkeys' dinner bell "

Stories have been told of Hura fruits being placed in desks and subsequently opening, and discharging their seeds with such violence as to break inkwells, and even to crack the wood of the desk. - Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

SEARCH OF SCIENTISTS.

Prof. Osborn's Hunt for Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies.

Fossil Hunting and Its Attendant Vicissitudes and Emotions -- Summer Heat a Great Obstacle

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osburn, curator of vertebrate paleontology in the ...merican Museum of Natural L. story, contributes a paper on "Prchistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies," in which he says:

"Letore describing the animals them selves we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton hewn out of the solid rock, and each of these skeletons represents years and years of arduous exploration in which Wortman, Hatcher, Peterson and others sent out by the American museum, by Princeton or by Yale, have become famous. Our party found the Titanothere in a broiling alkali canyon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sandstone cliff, and the chest, limbs and trunk were chiseled out by the men un der a rude sheiter which lowered the noon temperature to 106 degrees. They were encouraged to think that the whole beast had been mired in a standing position. This was probably the case originally, but suddenly they came scross a fault; it appeared that the hind limbs had been swept away; and it required two years' more scarching before bones of an animal of a corre sponding size were secured. Every other sheleton has its own story of de termination, disappointment and sur-

"The old lake basins, once on sea level, and enriched by the moist, balmy winds of the Pacific, are now elevated from 4,000 to 5,000 feet. The only redeeming feature of their present aspect of absolute barrenness is that the absence of vegetation leaves the old graves and burying grounds hare. Fossil bones and skeletons are not plentiful-far from it; but a trained eye sees a great distance along the bare gullies, cliff: and canyons, and your daily scramble of from 15 to 20 miles enables you to prospect over a vast stretch. You are off in the morning, stiffened by a frosty night. You know by sad experience that the ice in the basins does not prom ise a cool day. Your backbone is still freezing while the sun begins to broil and blister your skin, and you are the living embodiments of the famous dessert served by the Japanese-a hot crust without, an ice within. Your trail be gins on the upland, which may be the actual level of the old lake bottom; and, as if walking through a graveyard, you never look for bones until the land breaks away by erosion.

"When you reach the edge of this up land you look off into a sea of rock, will beyond description, and you plunge down the slope to a certain level. Then you follow the level round and round and in and out. Here you are on a seam which bears fossils. Above and below it are other familiar fossiliferous seams and between them are barren seams where you will not find a bone if you search till doomsday. This level, perhaps, represents the delta of a great mountain river which swept the animals out with coarse sand, pebbles and debris. Sometimes you walk miles and miles, up and down, day after day, and see nothing but common turtle bones, which are so deceptive and tempting at a distance that the fossil hunter pro fanely kicks them aside. Turtles are found everywhere, because they swam out, basked in the sunshine in the mid lakes and occasionally sank to the bottom, while the carcasses of land animals were buried in the deltas or nearer

"In such a fossil-barren land the heat seems twice as torrid as on the buttes, your muscles and back ache doubly your tongues lies parched from the last gulp of alkali water, your soul abhors a fossil and longs for the green shade of the east and the watermelon, when, all of a sudden, a little projecting bone strikes your wearied eye. You fall on your knees and breathe gently on the loose sand; a little scraping, and you see signs of a skull-perhaps of some missing link. The thrill of discovery spreads like an elixir through your frame, and two or three hours later. after carefully cutting out the prize, you walk vigorously back to camp, every

inch a man. "Thus fossil hunting is a life of vicissitudes and emotions. The fossil hunter is predestined to his work, like the sportsman. He returns east in the autumn, vowing he will never go back to the Bad Lands; but as the favorable months of spring come round he becomes more and more restless, until he is off. The country that is as hot as hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools. is almost invariably the richest in forsils. Here, in fact, as you find the great est variety and number of bones, you enjoy the most delightful flights of the scientific imagination; when parehed and burned, you conjure before you the clories of these ancient lakes."-Cen-A Remedy for Thinness.

A French paper tells the story of a dramatic instructor who had as a pupil a girl who was very pretty, but woefully thin. Thinness is so fatal on the stage except where there is the highest genius, as in the case of that great actress of whose admirers it is said that they prefer grace before meat that he consulted a physician about it. The physician recommended belladonna. "Why?" asked the dramatic instructor. "Because," was the reply, "belladonna has the property of dilating

Suicide Is Hereditary. An extraordinary instance of hereditary tendency to suicide was told by Prof. Brouardel in Paris lately. farmer near Etampes hanged himself without apparent cause, leaving a fam ily of seven sons and four daughters Ten of the eleven subsequently followed the father's example, but not un til they had married and begotten chil dren, all of whom likewise hanged themselves. The only survivor is a son who is now 68 years of age, and has passed safely beyond the family hang tag age.

NUMBER 2.

GATHERING THE RETURNS. Scenes About New York Police Headquarters on Election Night.

The election tureau of the police board is the official recipient of the returns from the voting precincts. This bureau furnishes each poll with blanks for the official record and also with four sets of small blanks for each office. As soon as the count for an office is finished the four inspectors sign all four blanks and a policeman takes them to a police headquarters, and quickly returns for others. Thus the count goes on until it is completed-

sometimes not before midnight. Meantime there have gathered in a large room at police headquarters all the commissioners, the superintendent, a great number of newspaper reporters with pencils sharpened at both ends, while the walls are lined with messenger and telephone boys. As soon as a report is brought it is read out by the superintendent, taken down by the newspaper men, and forwarded to their editors as rapidly as possible. By eight o'clock the returns come thick and fast, and nothing is heard but the scratching of pencils and the footsteps of racing messengers. The commissioners soon go to their private offices, for they know that anxious candidates will speedily be called to learn their fate, although a very fair idea has spread abroad by nine or ten o'clock as to how the state and city have "gone" on the principal issues. In the case of the election of November, 1894, everybody knew that Tammany was beaten long before that hour.

But the fun of the street is not for that band of reporters at headquarters, por for those other bands of writers in the newsparer offices down town, who, with almost superhuman diligence and endurance, are tabulating and put ting into type and commenting upon these returns for delectation of the public next morning.

The tenement-house districts have been alive with people since sun lown. dancing about the fires. They have learned long ago the outlines of the result, and those on the successful side are rejoicing in their tumulmous way, sure of the support of all the boys. As the evening advances the excitement spreads to Broadway and up town. The newspapers will issue extras every hour or so from nine p. m. to two in the morning, but they do not hesitate to give all this news away upon their bulletins as fast as they get -Ernest Ingersoll, in Centur

INCIDENT ON THE ALLEY "L." Truculent Negro Passengers Subdued by a Friend of the Conductor.

On the alley "L" road one evening a trio of negroes boarded a southbound train and proceeded in a way to capture the car they were in. They stood in the aisle and obstructed the progress of people coming and going out at the different stations and were inclined to be disputatious and quarrelsome with anybody who ventured to criticise their conduct. One of them in particular, the largest of the three was especially pugnacious, and finally when the conductor ordered them to take their seats the big fellow threatened all sorts of destruction to the official, and defied him openly to lay hands on him, says the Chicago Chron-

The conductor passed to the next car and enlisted the services of an acquaintance of his, a "bouncer" at one of the smaller theaters. This worthy weighed about 240 pounds and was a giant in strength and size. He walked into the car where the darkies stood, grabbed the big one, who was at least half a foot shorter than the bouncer, and dragged him to the door.

As the car was just then slacking up at a station the bouncer threw the colored man clear over the gate and on to the platform without waiting for the guard to open the gate. The darky sprawled all over the platform and his two companions slunk to seats as the bouncer looked back into the car. The train went on, the two remaining "terrors" keeping very still. Afterseveral stations had been passed

one of them spoke in subdued tones to the other. All he said was: "Dat sholy was a strong man." A Granite Hotel for the Yosemite. All the so-called hotels, cottages, tents and other makeshifts provided for the accommodation of visitors to

the Yosemite valley are to give way in the near future to a handsome, imposing and fireproof structure, to be built at a cost of about \$50,000, of granits to be quarried in the valley. This project was developed at a recent meeting of the Yosemite commissioners during the discussion of plans to provide for the accommodation of visitors to the valley. "I am in favor of a granite building that can be constructed from the stone right on the ground," said Gov. Budd. "I don't believe it would cost more than to build an equally large notel of lumber up there in the mountains, where the hauling of the lumber costs more than the lumber itself." Commissioner Sperry said that a granite structure with 100 rooms could te put up at a cost of \$40,000 to \$50,006. He suggested that plans cught to be secured to enable a proper presentation of the scheme to the legislature when an appropriation was asked for. Gov. Budd said he would, in his message to the legislature, call attention to the proposition.-San Francisco Call.

Why He Felt Bad. "Good morning, Jasper! I am very corry to hear of your domestic trouble.

"Wha' serier tebble dat, sah?" "Why, I mean the trouble in your home affairs. I am told that your wife run sway from you; is it a fact?"

"Deed, it ar', sah." "Of course you feel very bad about "Yas, sah. De way de marter stan at de presen' time, sah, I feels mighty bad."

"At the present time; what do you mean by that?"
"I mean, sah, dat she hain' had time vit ter go fur 'nough ter make de ol' man feel sho' dat she hain' comin' back."

-Richmond Dispatch. Fell from Something. "I understand young Golfsuit has

fallen from grace." "Well, he looks as if he had fallen from something, but he doesn't admit it. He says it's the faction to dismount suddenly now."-Chier o Post.

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A London Writer Tells of His Strange Experience in Paris.

The recent disastrous eyelone in Paris, which was one of the first of the kind ever experienced in that city, has opened up a discussion on the subject hitherto but little investigated, the meameric or hypnotic influence of

It is well known that birds and other animals are often restless and disquieted before an earthquake or a severe storm, and there is every reason to suppose that they perceive the prelimnary tremors and air vibrations before they are felt by man.

A correspondent of a London daily describes the experience of himself and his wife in Paris as illustrative of the impressions to which highly strained and nervous organizations are subject under certain conditions of atmospheric or electric disturbance. The night before the storm they went to the theater. The atmosphere was stifling; it was almost impossible to breathe. They both experienced a dead, dull depression on the brain, that can only be described as the symptoms of semi-incbricty.

They went dinnerless and supperless to bed and slept, unconscious of everything. In the morning the woman was seriously ill. Her lips and skin were burning. She could not swallow, and could searcely articulate. The pupils of her eyes were dilated, the whites were veined and almost jet black. She had every symptom of narcotic poisoning. By dint of great courage she recovered somewhat and they sat in the courtyard of their hotel while the cyclone raged, feeling it, but seeing nothing of its terrors. They started for their English home on the night boat. The writer says that he went dazed into the car and fell asleep instantly. He has no recollection of the trip across the channel, being in a stupor all the

He left London soon after to go down into the country. He says: "I slept in the train, and I have gone on sleeping every few minutes ever since. The cyclone was on Thursday. It is nw Sunday, and I am as sleepy as an owl: but gradually the mesmeric influ-

ence of the storm is fading away. "The hypnotism of the cyclone is decreasing. The intolerable pressure of the brain is getting less acute, but there still remain that awful burning rain and the ache over the eveballs from which we have suffered so long. What has happened to us? Will seientists explain?"-St. Louis Republic.

VENUS OF MILO.

Buried in an Oak Coffin During the Franco-Pruss an War. The recent death of M. Henri Brest, whose name was celebrated many years ago in connection with the statue of Venus, now one of the great treasures in the Louvre museum, brings to mind some interesting souvenirs connected with that statue. It was, indeed, M. Henri Brest who discovered the wonderful statue which had been unearthed by a peasant in the island of Milo and who bought it of him for a mere song in 1820. He soon sold it to M. de Marcellus, through whom it reached the Louvre. The wonderful statue remained undisturbed in the gallery of the Louvre, of which it was the principal ornament, till the Franco-Prussinn war, in 1870, when the means of preserving it against the possible pillage of the Germans caused great anxiety to the curators. Few Englishmen are probably aware that the Venus de Milo was on that occasion placed in an immense sort of padded oak coffin and buried mysteriously in a great trench made to receive it in the courtyard of the prefecture of police. This was done in the middle of the night, in the presence of very few witnesses, with the object of keeping the hiding place of the statue perfectly secret. It was thought by the officials of the Louvre that the statue was in perfect safety there; but their anxiety for the fate of the treasure was revived, after the signature of peace, by the outbreak of the commune and the setting fire to the prefecture of police and to the Palais de Justice opposite. Fortunately, however, when that insurrection had been put down the curators of the Louvre, on once more unearthing the statue, found it had suffered no deterioration. The inscription on the pedestal of the statue in the Louvre does not even mention the name of M. Henri Brest. It relates simply that it

THEY NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

was bought by M. de Marcellus for

Marquis de Riviere, the French ambas-

sador, who presented it to King Louis

XVIII. in 1821.-Chicago News.

Two Chicago Business Men Who Wondered Who George R. Davis Is. Three men were chatting together in a Madison street cigar store. It was raining outside and neither was in a hurry to leave. One of them was a wellknown politician and the other two were apparently successful business men. A military-looking gentleman with snowwhite hair, mustache and chin whiskers entered, says the Chicago Chronicle. "Good evening," said the politician.

"A nasty night," he added. "Who is that?" queried one of the other two men of the politician after the man he had addressed as colonel

had cone out. "Why, don't you know him-Royal George Davis?" "Well, who is Royal George Davis,

anyway?" "George R. Davis-don't know George "What did he do?"

"Why, man, he was director general of the world's fair!" "Never heard of him." The politician looked at the man in undisguised amazement. "Come, buy

Famine Bread. In times of famine bread has been

the cigars," was all he said.

And such is fame.

baked from wood bran and husks of corn. The woodbread is made by selecting the sawdust of the least resinous wood-the breech for example-and washing it with water to remove any soluble matter. It is then dried in an oven and reduced to fine powder. With the addition of a little flour, some yeast and water, it forms a dough which, when baked, constitutes bread resembling in appearance and taste our ordinary

brown bread .- Chicago Inter Ocean.

fee. Has paid over \$600,000.00 for